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STILL THE
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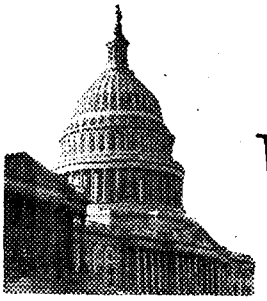

Washington Wire

Minnesota Primary

THE MINNESOTA PRIMARY changed the kind of election this is going to be. It shifted everything to the left. Maybe the word isn't "moderation" after all. It was tough on Stevenson but tough on Eisenhower too. It raised questions about campaign techniques. Ike has planned to sit before a TV lens this fall ladling out unction. Kefauver showed that indefatigable barnstorming still pays.

There is also the underdog role. Kefauver can get into that role faster, and stay there longer, than anybody we know, asking fair play with mild appeal that rends the heart. If not Kefauver, then some Democrat this fall can have the loveliest under-dog set-up of the century. Democrats are going to be the greatest under-dogs in terms of absent corporate support for a long time. The Republicans are going to have so much money, so much TV time, so much GM support, so much Madison Avenue public relations, so much Robert Montgomery arranging Eisenhower's shirt that it may defeat them. GOP TV contracts, already signed, show they are trying for saturation this fall. The American voter is lazy but rather inclined to be fair-minded. He may very well start fiddling with the dials not so much to hear a Democratic speech but just to discover if any Democrat managed to get on the air at all. And he might vote that way.

Minnesota showed another thing. The farm revolt is here. Here again this could be important: it takes 266 electoral votes to make a man president. The 12 midwest farm states have 153 electoral votes—every one given to Hoover in 1928, every one swinging to FDR in 1932 and 1936, every one swinging to Eisenhower in 1952. These votes made Truman President in 1948 when he got 101 of them. Nobody can study the Minnesota returns, particularly from the farm districts, without realizing that something big is going on.

This column has liked Stevenson—still does. He may make a comeback yet. (Alas, we wish he had denounced the natural gas grab when we urged him—we still think his candidacy needed something bold and daring like that to get off the ground!) But the party voters have the last word. If the Democratic rank and file want Kefauver—that isn't proved yet—it would be sorry business for the party bosses to stand in the way.

Why the South sticks

A FINAL THOUGHT about politics. As American parties operate they are composed of coalitions. The party which includes the most groups wins. Often the groups seem incompatible. They unite because they feel they have something to gain. The South appears to be in an emotional state right now which might easily cause it to bolt. That is the South's business, and an outsider can merely keep the score. Because it is in the Democratic coalition, the South now dominates Congress. Congress is run by committees, and the South runs the committees through the chairmen: nine of the 13 major Senate standing committees now have Southern chairmen (two from border states, two from the West, *none* from the East); 10 of the 19 major House committees have Southern chairmen (plus another four from border states.) This is a big stake for the South in the election.

To be realistic about it, the stake is not so big as it seems. Committee chairmanships go by seniority, and an occasional GOP landslide knocks out the Northern Democrats (destroying their seniority) and leaves the representatives of the one-party South sad but philosophic—with more seniority than ever. Dixie can't get the chairmanships without plenty of damyankees, but the latter win few of them under seniority.

Securing our rights

TWO BIG CIVIL RIGHTS victories last week. Sixteen courageous University of California faculty members, fired by the Regents in 1950 because they balked at an additional loyalty declaration which singled out professors—on top of the state's anti-Communist oath (which the had all taken)—were reinstated. The got 2½ years' back salaries, full pensio rights, full perquisites, full sabbatica year credit, full restitution, and the Regents pay each professor's court costs. It is a complete debacle for the precious Regents who find that 1956 isn't the same as 1950. . . . In the other case, the Justice Department, after months of wavering, has decided not to appeal the Supreme Court a powerful ruling by the Court of Appeals in San Francisco involving the constitutional right of a citizen dismissed from private employment to know who is accusing him. The ruling in *Parker v. Lester* is a blow at what the Court called a "system of secret informers, whisperers and talebearers." Take a good, big breath folks, the air is getting clearer.

Pocketbook pressure

WE STILL THINK economics may be the big long-run factor in the American race issue. It was economics which brought slaves to the New World in the first place. It helped free them in the North, played a part in the War that followed, and is now active again. This column pointed before to the Negro market—maybe $16 billion annual purchasing power for 15 million Negroes whose rate of income is growing faster than the rest of the country. Cooler heads in the South are noting the economic effects of recent disturbances. Northern factories have cancelled plans to move in. Too risky. A flood of denunciations and rumors in Southern cities has brought boycotts of national producers (somebody whispers "NAACP-lover" on the corner and the next morning sales slump). The whites seem to be the chief losers by such boycotts.

Eisenhower's influence

REPUBLICANS wrote the two-term Presidential limit into the Constitution as a posthumous kick at Roosevelt. FDR can't feel it but Eisenhower will, if re-elected. Only one man ever won a third term but practically every two-term President has kept the threat handy to control Congress and retain party discipline. Eisenhower, if re-elected, won't have it; his nobles will start the 1960 succession battle at once.

T.R.B.

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The New Republic
A JOURNAL OF OPINION

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A Communication

► *Karl Shapiro Challenges Graves*

SIRS:

Delmore Schwartz's reply (*NR*, March 19) to the Robert Graves articles leaves nothing to be said, and my remarks here can be taken as a note of thanks to Schwartz. Graves' argument was so feeble and unintelligible that it reminded me of the reaction a few people used to have to McCarthy; that McCarthy must be working for the Communists. It was hard to explain him any other way. In the interests of literary decency I would like to add one more objection to Graves: his little asides about the drinking and sexual habits of the five idols.

The five idols he would like to topple (Thomas, Yeats, Auden, Pound, Eliot) he succeeds only in obscuring temporarily with cigar smoke.

There is no point in re-quoting the Dylan Thomas stanza used by Graves as an example of nonsense. The legal evidence at this point indicates an unpleasant fact. Graves omitted the beginning quotation mark without which the Thomas stanza becomes obscure. The

(Continued on page 23)

ADLAI STEVENSON

"APPEALING to reason as we do we are in a sort of forlorn hopeless situation like a small sandbank in the midst of a hungry sea, ready to wash it out of existence. But sandbanks grow when conditions favor. . . . Our sandbank . . . is bound to grow."

Adlai Stevenson chose these words of William James to guide his career in politics. He believed that conditions favored an appeal to reason in 1956, and that the sandbank of his Presidential candidacy would grow. Instead, it has been partially washed away in Minnesota.

Many explanations have been advanced for Senator Kefauver's crushing defeat of Stevenson in their first head-on primary fight; no one explanation can suffice. Beyond each partial and peripheral factor, we believe the Minnesota primary must be interpreted in terms of the validity of Stevenson's central attitude, his appeal to reason, in the 1956 campaign.

To Stevenson, "appealing to reason" in politics means treating the voters as his equals and speaking to them primarily in terms of the national interest. It was just this integrity and restraint that made Stevenson unique among Presidential candidates. And it is this approach to political responsibiliy on which he stands or falls today. Stevenson himself has used the word "moderation" in summarizing his approach to the problems of 1956, and fierce debate has raged around that word. But it is not "moderation" that sets Stevenson apart from men like Sen. Stuart Symington. It is Stevenson's insistence on trying (even to the point of immoderation) to provide:

> . . . honest political leadership that despises the easy road to popularity and insists on focusing attention on reality and truth however distasteful...

And further, Stevenson's concept of campaigning:

> I have always thought that political campaigns for offices of great responsibility . . . are both an opportunity and an obligation to talk seriously and truthfully about public questions and their full implications.

But in primary campaigns, the candidate's entire appeal is directed to party enthusiasts in particular localities. He competes against fellow Democrats, and the Presidency lies beyond the horizon. Inevitably each candidate is pressed to outbid the other in partial appeals.

For this reason Stevenson instinctively resisted entering his name in the primaries. For the same reason he has waged them with an inner sickness of heart. It was his particular misfortune that in Estes Kefauver he encountered an opponent whose gifts were the reverse of Stevenson's; for Kefauver's indefatigable capacity for handshaking, and his own down to earth ability in convincing each group of voters that he could best champion its interests made him as formidable in primary contests as he is vulnerable in general elections. In Minnesota, with its traditional militancy, and independence, Stevenson stood at a particular disadvantage. The combined

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weight of almost all the state leaders of the Democratic Party could not right the balance: on the contrary, Kefauver made their sponsorship of Stevenson an asset on his side. Republicans, to whom Stevenson's integrity and restraint seemed less persuasive than their own party's supremacy, crossed over in some numbers to vote against the President's principal antagonist. Other Republicans responded when Senator Kefauver seized upon farm discontent, as Stevenson would not, by advancing specific and appealing programs to rescue small farms from foreclosure, committing himself to 100 percent supports for farmers with less than $7000 income a year. Officials of the Farmers Union and some influential Democrats intervened in Minnesota with substantial force for the purpose of defeating Stevenson. They had decided, so Marquis Childs reports in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, that "the Party's standard bearer in 1952 should be eliminated because he refused to advocate a radical solution for the farm program."

In appraising his defeat in Minnesota, Stevenson does not attribute it to his concept of "talking sensibly and truthfully about public questions and their full implications." Nor does he conclude that his ideas were at fault. "I have not succeeded in communicating properly and I must try harder," is his conclusion.

This seems to us a sound view. If Stevenson communicates his ideas, and is defeated, then 1956 is not his time. To the extent that his failure in Minnesota lay in communication, he is free to revise his campaign techniques. Stevenson's old failing, of absenting himself to perfect the drafts of prepared speeches, showed up in Minnesota where Kefauver stood chatting and listening on every street corner. And yet Stevenson has had three years of preparation for this campaign. He can well afford to make many fewer addresses, and more remarks between now and July.

He has a new opportunity now, for in losing he has surrendered his role as front-runner and inherited Kefauver's claim as under-dog. If he learns from defeat, and becomes more available, he can make California and Florida as surprising in their turn as Minnesota has been.

This journal has argued that those who presume to guide opinion must acknowledge conditions as they exist, and choose between available alternatives. The Stevenson candidacy we still place in that category. Many leaders still see in Stevenson the Democratic Party's best hope of victory in 1956; we still see in him the best hope of assuring that the Democratic Party deserves victory.

More for Farmers

AMERICAN farmers would receive between $1.5 and $2 billion more in annual income if the 1956 farm bill, as passed by the Senate, were law. Most benefits were written into the bill by a series of Democratic amendments the night of March 19, hours before the bill passed. One technical amendment by Sen. Hubert Humphrey (D, Minn.) added $500 million to support payments.

These successes brought a change in Democratic strategy. Previously it had been expected that the House-Senate Conference on the bill would agree on 90 percent rigid supports, which the President would veto, thus giving the Democrats their campaign issue.

Now the Democrats are trying to compromise on a bill in Conference which the President would be willing to sign. This might mean giving up one-third or one-half of the farmer benefits in the bill. But even such a measure would enable the Democrats to say, "Here's how we got you farmers an extra billion dollars."

Not to be left behind, Secretary of Agriculture Benson is also preparing to sing sweetly to farm voters, Democratic leaders say, by a plan to mail out "soil bank" checks immediately to any farmer who applies for participation. This would reverse the 20-year practice in all farm programs of insisting upon a measurement of acreage by a Government technician at the farm before payment is authorized. It is possible that the Conference will insist on some kind of on-the-ground checkup before payments are made. This would have the effect of delaying the payments in an election year.

From the taxpayer's standpoint, the worst feature of the bill is not the increased payments to farmers, but the failure to prevent future surpluses. The Senate bill required every wheat, corn and cotton farmer to put 15 percent of his land into the "soil bank"—that is, take it out of production—in order to qualify for support payments. But the Conference, as its first action, knocked out this provision, thus making it very doubtful whether the bill would curb the flood of crops going into Government warehouses.

At present outlook, the bill would certainly raise farm income, it would probably not cut farm output, and a political harvest would be reaped by the Democrats.

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One-Sided Disarmament

OF the three new American proposals which Harold Stassen has presented to the UN disarmament talks in London the offer to try out President Eisenhower's aerial inspection system on 20,000 to 30,000 square miles in both the US and the Soviet Union is the most dramatic. Even if each country selected an area which contained no significant military secrets, the demonstration would have great psychological value.

Our proposal to cut both Russian and American defense forces to 2.5 million men is almost meaningless, first because it requires the Russians to reduce their 4 million men far more than the US would cut its 2.9 million; second because it ignores the question of relative armament, which has always been the stumbling block in disarmament talks. Controlling manpower without controlling armaments, military men agree, would give neither nation security.

The third American proposal, unveiled by President Eisenhower in his last letter to Soviet Premier Bulganin, was for all countries to halt production of nuclear weapons. Behind this gesture is the belief that both the US and the USSR now possess sufficient bombs for a saturation attack or counter-attack, hence no real disarmament is involved. A freeze on production might, however, delay the development of radically new weapons.

These proposals permit the US to stand before the world with a posture of flexibility. But they also reflect Harold Stassen's recent Congressional testimony that the US will propose no disarmament which does not work to our one-sided advantage. Such a philosophy would preclude a mutual accommodation with other nations, as our British and French allies have warned Mr. Stassen.

"Tote dat barge! Lift dat boycott! Ride dat bus!"

"It Ain't No Vaudeville"

THE Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., who has been found guilty of leading Montgomery's Negroes in their successful boycott of the city's segregated buses, is a pacifist. But the day before his trial began he chose as his sermon text: "not peace but a sword."

Dr. King conceded that the bus boycott is disrupting the peace which existed between Montgomery's evenly-divided white and Negro communities. But that was a peace, Dr. King insisted, that deserved destruction, for it was predicated on the Negro's acceptance of an inferior economic, social and political position.

The next day, in Montgomery's ramshackle courthouse, the 27-year-old minister was confident of ultimate victory, though it was apparent it would not be won in this courtroom, where spectators were segregated and where the judge warned the overwhelmingly Negro audience that "This ain't no vaudeville." The defense had to be satisfied with peripheral triumphs: the massive dignity of the Negro witnesses; the way the Negro attorneys courteously but deftly bested the prosecutor; Judge Carter's final compliment to them: they didn't seem to act like Communists, he told a reporter.

The client they were representing was an impressive example of how the occasion calls forth the man. Dr. King's intelligence, persuasiveness and patent sincerity had helped to weld Montgomery's 50,000 Negroes into a militant—though nonviolent—unit. Minister of Montgomery's most fashionable Negro church, he was now leading both rich and poor.

The Negroes obviously realized they had started something big. No one said so, but it was clear that Montgomery Negroes were showing Negroes of the entire South what their economic power could accomplish. Every empty bus demonstrated the success of the policy. The city's indictments have boomeranged: they have served only to increase the cohesiveness and determination of the Negro group.

The more successful the boycott is, the more real is the danger that rabid elements of the frustrated white populace will swing into violence. Dr. King is aware of the danger: refrain from violence even under the most extreme provocation, he advises, "Ours is the weapon of love."

Montgomery, Alabama

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Foreign Policy Thaw?

AMERICAN foreign policy is showing some signs of life after a year of lassitude and indecision.

Secretary of State Dulles, on his recent 3-week Asian trip, played up to local nationalism, was praised in the Asian press and foreshadowed a de-emphasis of Asian military alliances.

Harold Stassen submitted a series of new US proposals at the current London disarmament talks, and seems to be shaking the Atomic Energy Commission loose from its intransigence on atoms-for-peace.

State Department negotiators have achieved Big Power agreement on UN action in the Middle East; it will not produce a final settlement but it does permit diplomacy to continue functioning.

Sir Anthony Eden's pressure in February for some relaxation in East-West trade controls is showing results, especially in our assurance to non-Communist Asian countries that the US will not cut economic aid if they increase their trade with the Soviet bloc.

The Administration's request for 10-year foreign aid authorization, now under bitter attack in Congress, was defended with such skill by the current Administrator, John B. Hollister, that the *Washington Post and Times-Herald*, normally one of his critics, praised him editorially.

White House correspondents have reported cabinet-level discussion of a trip by President Eisenhower to Asia this year, and the State Department is proposing the White House find a suitable world platform from which the President could deliver within the next 90 days a speech on policy.

Public pressure for a shift to the American initiative in the Cold War has been coming from members of both political parties.

For example, Gov. George N. Craig of Indiana, former National Commander of the American Legion, proposed a 75-year economic aid program in a speech before the National Republican Club. He said Americans must be prepared to aid underdeveloped areas "through our lifetime and also through much of the lifetime of our children."

John Jay Hopkins, president of General Dynamics Corporation, leader in the atomic industrial field, told a New York audience that America has not comprehended the scope of planning required to solve the problem of the "economic aggressor." He called for a 100-year American campaign in which military, economic, psychological and scientific strategy would be integrated elements.

Publisher John Cowles of the *Minneapolis Tribune*, a leading Eisenhower supporter who returned recently from an Asian trip, has mailed out thousands of copies of newspaper stories in which he advocated more aid for neutralist countries like India and Burma, less emphasis on military aid in Asia, and the need for facing up to the probable admission of Communist China to the UN within one year.

President Walter Reuther of the United Auto Workers sent to the State Department recently a plan for a 25-year aid program which would cost 2 percent of our gross national product, or $8 billion a year at present.

Significantly, most foreign policy proposals in advance of the Administration are coming from Republicans.

A Gerrymandered Presidency

TO MAKE certain that future Presidents of the United States are more conservative and less representative of the popular will than Presidents of recent past, Sens. Karl Mundt (R, S.D.) and Price Daniel (D, Tex.) have introduced a constitutional amendment now under debate in the Senate. Although far-reaching and dangerous consequences would follow Congressional approval of the amendment, it has had almost no public discussion.

The Mundt-Daniel proposal would:

1. Make it easier for the Republican Party to win a Presidential election, even with a minority of the popular votes;

2. Strengthen the right and rural wings of the Republican Party at its nominating conventions;

3. Strengthen the South at Democratic Party nominating conventions;

4. Transfer decisive power in Presidential elections from voters to state legislatures, many of which are now controlled by artificial, gerrymandered minorities.

The proposal is a masterpiece of constitutional craftsmanship and has very substantial support in the Senate. Long a concealed weapon of the GOP right-wing, the amendment has been sprung at a time when the Democratic Party is split wide open. As of this moment, the sponsors of the proposal—by a skillful "compromise" with the southern Democrats—have lined up 53 signators on their side. Two-thirds, or 64 votes, would be needed for passage. (In the 81st Congress, the Daniel part of the Mundt-Daniel proposal got the necessary two-thirds in the Senate.) In the House, the bill could be blocked, but only if liberals in both parties realize that the amendment would shatter their influence, and

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if enough Southern Democrats realize that while the proposal would strengthen their position inside their own party, it would make it much more difficult for the Democrats to elect a President. Once the proposal went to the states for ratification, the state legislatures could be counted on to fall quickly into line, since the amendment would put unprecedented power in the hands of the state legislatures to pick the President.

In essence, under the Mundt-Daniel proposal the Chief Executive would not be elected by the people—either directly or, as now, through slates of electors chosen on a statewide basis. He would be chosen by electors, *elected in each Congressional district in the US, which Congressional districts are carved out by the separate state legislatures to suit the latter's fancy.* From gerrymandered Congressional districts would come the individual electors whose vote would be final in picking the President. In addition each state would get two electors chosen on a statewide, at-large basis.

A FEW illustrations will quickly show how heavily this system favors the Republican Party.

In the last Congressional elections, the Democrats polled a majority of the votes in New York, California, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Michigan and New Jersey. Democrats polled 9,861,114 votes; Republicans, 9,759,205. (Democrats: 50.3 percent; Republicans: 49.7 percent). But it was the Republican—not the Democratic—Party that got the most Congressmen: 93 Republicans to 67 Democrats. With a popular minority of the votes, the Republicans got almost 60 percent of the seats.

In the Congressional elections of 1954, the Democrats polled 51.2 percent of the popular vote in the most populous states of the nation—a safe majority. But they ended up with only 48.6 percent of the Congressmen elected from those states When the Republicans got a narrow majority as they did in 1954, in the popular vote for Congress in the 31 states outside the South and the border states, with 51 percent of the popular vote the Republicans carried 64.8 percent of the Congressional delegation: half the votes (about) gave the Republicans about two-thirds of the districts.

And these Congressional districts would be the units for the election of the Presidential electors under Mundt-Daniels.

How are these unrepresentative results produced?

Some Congressional districts are twice, thrice and four times more populous than others in the same state, though they elect only one Representative.

Rural districts are smaller than urban, so that often one rural vote is worth three or four urban votes.

Other gerrymandered districts—resembling dragons, horseshoes, crumpled shoelaces and rolling pins—are designed to elect the choice of the state legislature.

Why the Rush Now?

WHY SHOULD WE in Congress be in such a hurry to adopt a drastic constitutional amendment which most of the voters do not know we are considering, and which they certainly have not demanded? . . .

NO URGENT NECESSITY for immediate change has been proven. No minority Presidents have been elected in the 20th Century; no elections have been thrown into the House of Representatives; no breakdown in the electoral system, or even widespread lack of confidence in it, can be shown. The evils of the present system alleged by the proponents of Senate Joint Resolution 31 are decisive; the benefits they claim for the future are at best speculative, and at worst statements exactly contrary to the results more likely to take place.

Senator John Kennedy

The exact percentage advantage Republicans would enjoy under the Mundt-Daniel plan is hard to calculate because vote distribution varies with elections. But, taking 1952, the Democrats polled 50.2 percent of the popular vote in the Congressional elections for the House of Representatives; they carried only 49.1 percent of the seats. Conversely, the Republicans with 49.8 percent of the popular vote carried 50.9 percent of the seats. This gives the GOP an automatic advantage of between one and two percent: in a Presidential election such as that of 1952, this gives the Republicans between 600,000 and 1,200,000 additional votes.

IN reply to the argument that his plan would produce a gerrymandered President, Senator Mundt argues:

> Conscience and public pressure probably would largely prevent state legislatures from abusing their power to establish the boundaries of Congressional Districts.

The answer to Mundt is history: over almost seven generations, "conscience and public pressure" have not managed to check this abuse.

Mundt argues further that "Congress could require by law that such Congressional Districts be composed of contiguous and compact territory, and contain as nearly as practicable, an equal number of constituents."

True, Congress *could,* but it *doesn't.* Once Congress passed such a law but Congress refused to enforce it. As a result, to quote Justice Frankfurter,

> . . . throughout our history, whatever may have been the controlling Apportionment Act, the most glaring disparities have prevailed as to the contours and the population of districts.

GUS TYLER

(Mr. Tyler will continue his discussion of the Mundt-Daniel amendment next week.)

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Moderates and Militants

The NAACP is moving too fast in trying to bring about school desegregation, in the opinion of many Southerners. That view is expressed here by former Virginia State Senator Benjamin Muse. The response of NAACP's Thurgood Marshall and *The New Republic's* assessment follow.

The NAACP's Responsibility

HAVING some reputation in Virginia as a "Negro-lover" and a "bosom friend of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People," I take no little pride in recalling having said in the *Washington Post and Times-Herald* in June, 1954:

> [The leaders of the NAACP] should relax now and reflect on the vast significance of their recent gains. They should get back to their personal business—or go fishing. Whatever need for NAACP efforts there may be in the years ahead, the all-important thing at this juncture is to see the maximum of good will prevail among the white people of Virginia.

It is unmistakably apparent now that the indiscriminate aggressiveness of the NAACP has contributed to the present attitude of resistance to the Supreme Court's anti-segregation decision in this state, and has registered no gains.

Last February, I voiced a new appeal for moderation on the part of the NAACP, urging a planned pattern of litigation, which would avoid sections of acute race tension and prod first those counties where Negroes are few and where integration of the public schools could be accomplished with little difficulty. Rather than proceed with threatened action against a Southside Virginia county of large Negro population, where only an explosion and the closing of public schools could result, I again suggested that the NAACP lawyers should "go fishing."

This and other articles in the same vein aroused considerable repercussion in Virginia and elsewhere. Not only jeering white supremacists but a number who favor compliance in good faith with the desegregation decision expressed the belief that the NAACP would be well advised to "go fishing" for a while. Even a prominent NAACP official wrote facetiously: "I am leaving for Florida and expect to do some fishing."

Cessation of all NAACP activity, however, is not what I have in mind. As a tentative illustration of a possible NAACP program, it might be wise for some months ahead to refrain from pressing any desegregation case in South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana or Mississippi. What the Deep South needs now is a cooling-off period.

In Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee there are limited areas where Negroes represent a large proportion of the total population and where conditions are comparable to those in the Deep South. These sections should be by-passed for the present in the desegregation movement. As a rule of thumb, no effort should be made now to bring about racial integration in any Southern community where the population is more than 30 percent Negro.

Attention should first be focused on the localities in the latter states where the Negro population is from one to five percent of the total. To bring about desegregation in a county which is transporting a handful of Negro children 50 miles to a segregated Negro school, and where segregation is an obvious absurdity, would arouse a minimum of opposition in any quarter. It would deflate the argument of segregationists and set a valuable example for other localities.

A stupendous responsibility rests today upon the NAACP, and it concerns every American. By a combina-

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tion of circumstances this now large and growing organization has become the activating agent of an epoch-making social reform. It has become, in fact, the advance guard of the Constitution of the United States.

The South—and particularly the white supremacy extremists of the South—have reason to be thankful that Negroes are turning for succor to an organization which is devoted to legal processes and the preservation of law and order. It is disturbing to speculate on what might have happened in some counties of the Deep South had exasperated Negroes banded together under different auspices.

But there is danger also in the legal channel. The NAACP has its finger on a trigger which, pressed at the wrong time or with erratic aim, could set off violence and bloodshed on some scale, but the NAACP can also exercise patience and restraint.

The past month has seen an active movement among Negroes in Virginia, including some NAACP leaders, for the adoption of a policy of planned moderation. The *Norfolk Journal and Guide,* the state's leading Negro newspaper, has taken no editorial position on the matter, but it reprinted on its front page in a red box an appeal of mine which said:

> My advice to the NAACP was that it should shape its program of legal activity in a manner not to precipitate explosions in areas of tension, but to promote a gradual process of compliance with the Supreme Court decision by beginning in some county or counties where Negroes are few and where public-school integration could be effected without difficulty.

A GROUP of 19 Negro leaders met in Gloucester County, Virginia, March 3 and 4 to review the situation in the South. It included Dr. Ralph Bunche, Rep. William Dawson (D, Ill.), President Charles Johnson of Fiske University, President Rufus Clement of Atlanta University and Dr. Charles Thomson, dean of the Howard University Graduate School.

Roy Wilkins, national NAACP president, later denied reports that the group had urged a more moderate NAACP policy, and said: "Our program remains the same. . . ." But Dr. F. E. Patterson, former president of Tuskegee Institute and now director of the Phelps-Stokes Fund for Negro Education, who called the meeting, issued a statement saying:

> Their aim is to achieve the more effective use of reason and goodwill in overcoming desegregation difficulties and working toward advances in interracial relations.

Among letters which I have received from NAACP leaders is one from Sherman Briscoe, chairman of the public-relations committee of the Washington, D. C., unit. Mr. Briscoe, "writing as an individual," offers this admirable suggestion:

> This might be a good time for the NAACP to begin to shift its major emphasis from the legalistic to the social engineering approach. Perhaps an advisory committee, composed of sociologists, political scientists, psychologists, historians, ministers and others might be established to help chart the course which the NAACP is to follow during the next five to ten critical years. I am speaking for myself alone, but I believe a great many people, including some NAACP officials, feel the same way.

BENJAMIN MUSE

But What of the Law?

"THE NAACP," writes Benjamin Muse, "has its finger on a trigger which, pressed at the wrong time or with erratic aim, could set off violence and bloodshed on some scale." Mr. Muse writes from the northern sector of resistance to integration. At the southern end, in Mississippi, William Faulkner, says of his neighbors, "These white people will accept another civil war, knowing they're going to lose."

These predictions will seem incredible to non-Southerners but they are soundly based. What then has happened since 1954? At that moment it seemed probable that the majority of Southerners would acquiesce in the orderly implementation of the Supreme Court's ruling. Now Senator Byrd's spirit of "massive resistance" governs instead.

In 1954, the South was poised on the edge of a new social era. The culture associated with the plantation system was fragmenting under the pressures of a new industrial economy. The plantations required manpower that was ignorant, obedient, voteless and divided; but the new factories required workers who were educated, responsible and, if necessary, organized. While the Negroes of the Black Belt were held back by economic

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dependence and political impotence, those in the non-plantation piedmont were advancing against great odds toward equality.

In the Supreme Court decision, the politicians of the Black Belt and those in the cities who think as they do saw the beginning of the end of their claim to represent the South. Their objective was not simply to prevent integration but to halt progress in other ways. They moved with fanaticism, and scored unforeseen success.

THESE were and are the extremists. Their success was made possible, in part, because the industrial South is still governed by plantation politics. In the 1880's, when the election districts were apportioned, the Black Belt was the center of a booming cotton economy; today's new cities were then blacksmithing villages and railroad shops. Eighty years later the economic balance in the South is reversed, but where there has been no reapportionment the political balance is unchanged.

The majority of Southern whites neither own plantations nor are unprogressive, but thus far on civil rights they have relinquished leadership to the Black Belt extremists.

The reason, perhaps, is that the Court decision left them in shock. These Southerners were prepared to grant gradual concessions to the Negroes. They demanded only a "thank you, suh" in return. Instead a revolution of rising expectations struck the Southern Negroes when they learned that law at last was on their side. What was to be given them through graciousness became theirs by right; Southern moderates turned away in hurt pride and fear.

For these reasons moderation has become ineffectual and violence threatens. What then is to be done? Mr. Muse advises the NAACP to limit its actions to "a planned pattern of litigation" in communities where Negroes constitute a small minority. But, "the communities themselves," comments Thurgood Marshall of the NAACP, "and not this office decide when and where to assert their rights." "At stake here," he adds, "are not group claims but individual rights. How can we say to our people that one man may act and win while another must stand and wait because he is born in a community where there are more Negroes than whites?"

"What the Deep South needs now is a cooling-off period," Mr. Muse maintains. Mr. Marshall comments:

> Our first court test was the University of Maryland in 1935; our next in Missouri in 1938. The trend has been clear for 20 years: how long must the cooling off period be?
>
> We waited two years after the Court decision, [Mr. Marshall continues]. Today we face eight Southern states that refuse to move. We are left with a clear choice: to seek court action or to abandon the fight. We have no choice. We will not go fast; we cannot "go slow." We follow the Court's order; we move with "deliberate speed."

Accordingly, the NAACP will initiate within a month a series of suits in the eight Southern states, some in communities where Negroes constitute a small minority of the population, and some in communities where they form a majority and the hard core of resistance is found.

In this exchange, between men of good will, we see a good deal of validity in Mr. Muse's side. Certainly after 30 years of struggle, the NAACP is not only leading, but being led, by its membership. Through those same years, however, the NAACP progressed precisely because it chose its areas of battle with the skill and selectivity that Mr. Muse asks for today. In those years, however, the legal ground for non-segregation had yet to be established; today Negroes understandably ask *how can we be called extremists and hotheads when all we ask is the enforcement of the law?*

Negro leaders in the South are bred to patience: they want the support of Southern moderates. They will not object to "going slow" once there is agreement in the South that the Court's decision will prevail. When the objective of desegregation is accepted the hows and whens become a matter to be worked out in each community, by both sides. But today the objective itself is repudiated, not only by extremists but by all the beleaguered moderates in Congress who signed the Declaration on Integration. Under these circumstances, *go slow* to the Negro spells *stop.*

MR. MUSE proposes no retreat in the struggle to end segregation but simply a selective endeavor. And if the spirit of moderation which he voices were widely echoed in the eight Southern states, his appeal would be persuasive. But the moderates are not vocal; what we hear is the growing demand that *all* litigation be abandoned for the present, while the South "cools down."

And at what point will the South be "cool" enough to permit the law to prevail? Have spokesmen for the eight recalcitrant states of the Deep South given any indication that they intend to do anything but dump desegregation in a deep freeze, forever if possible?

Indeed, the need is for "moderation." But in the absence of moderate Southern white leadership, the Southern plea for "moderation" amounts to a plea for a moratorium. And if the nation as a whole out of sympathy, lack of knowledge, or fear of white extremism, permits a moratorium on progress, this will be interpreted in the South as a denial of the *validity* of the Court decision itself.

The whole trend toward full equality for all Americans may be halted, no one knows for how long, and those who advocate even gradual progress in the South will be stigmatized as subversives—bent on disturbing the peace.

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How Free Is College Journalism?

The story told here of suppression of opinion at Florida State University prompted *The New Republic* to query student editors of publications in seven other state universities in the South, who were asked how much independence and freedom of editorial comment they are allowed.

FLORIDA STATE UNIVERSITY

"An end to criticism"

As on many other college campuses, a cold war has been waged for some time at Florida State University between undergraduates and the administration over control of undergraduate publications. Until recently the administration had made no effort to seize control outright.

The target for suppression has always been the undergraduate semi-weekly newspaper, *The Florida Flambeau*. The administration has often been annoyed by the liberal stand taken by its editors, and time was on the administration's side—students come and go, and eventually the ripe moment would come along. It did—early last year—in the form of a dean of students, newly-arrived from Oklahoma A&M University. In chummy addresses before the Student Senate and other groups, he quickly captured the confidence of the undergraduates.

With the backing of most undergraduate leaders, he soon persuaded the *Flambeau* staff that the newspaper could be printed on the campus. Heretofore the paper had been printed by the capital city's only daily newspaper. The Dean came up with the proposal that the University would help students secure printing equipment and eventually a print shop. The sleeper: The Dean said the only way to have this would be to accept a board of publications with full power to control the publications, the three faculty members of which would be appointed by President Doak S. Campbell and responsible only to him, not to the Faculty Senate.

There were to be five student members on the board, but it was carefully provided that they must not come from the staffs of the publications. Lacking any first-hand knowledge of the publications, the student members, who would change from year to year, could be expected to be dominated by the administration appointees who remain permanently on the board.

In September, the request for the printing equipment went before the State Board of Control, which controls all funds for state universities. The whole question quickly became a fiasco. The board, composed generally of businessmen whose chairman, Fred D. Kent, recently called for a third "Segregation Party" in the South, heard industry spokesmen protest the purchase, and nothing further has been heard of it.

In the meantime, plans for the campus publications board went ahead, and it soon became apparent whither it was leading. On February 16, less than three months after the board was created, it issued a "statement of principles" which said, in effect—with the usual redundancies and high-sounding phraseology in which censorship statements are couched—that the board proposes to guarantee that undergraduate publications will hereafter be pleasing to the administration of the university:

> Rightly or wrongfully, FSU is held accountable by the general public for everything that appears in campus publications. Although the editor . . . is not an official or semi-official spokesman of the university he is presumed to be by the public. The spirit of a publication must be consistent with the continuing purposes of the university, which are perpetual, rather than with the ideas of any individual or group within the university, which ideas vary from year to year. . . .

The full force of just what this latest move means becomes obvious only in the light of the long reactionary history of the Florida State University administration. Before Dr. Campbell came to FSU he had already figured prominently in an official investigation and censure by the American Association of University Professors at a teachers college in Tennessee. Since coming here he has repeatedly been at odds with students, particularly the undergraduate publications, and with faculty groups over issues usually involving freedom.

One recent undergraduate editor was forced out, and almost every editor for the past several years has had trouble of one sort or another with the administration. Last year Dr. Campbell was in the center of a public hearing in a notorious dismissal of a faculty member who had been on an American Association of University Professors committee investigating the athletic policy at FSU. Of this case an editor wrote: "The existence of a

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Daily Texan Press Freedom—
It Involves Every UT Student
An Editorial
Views on Freedom
The Florida Flambeau
Published By The Students Of Florida State University
Thomas Jefferson
. . . on press freedom
THE DAILY TEXAN
'First College Daily in the South'
'Banned' Editorials Accepted
After Five-hour TSP Meeting

democratic and constitutional process on this campus is a sham." On another occasion, Dr. Campbell forced the AAUP to cancel its invitation for a regional meeting of chapters at FSU when he learned that Negro delegates would attend and participate in the dinner meeting—despite the fact that non-segregated meetings of the chapter have been held at other Southern universities, including the University of Florida.

The publications board is the final culmination of Dr. Campbell's long effort to put an end to any criticism of his administration, but what is most disheartening about it is that it invoked not a murmur of protest from the FSU student body.

ROBERT FOLSOM
Ex-Editor, *The Florida Flambeau*

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

"The presence of a censor"

OUTSIDE forces have sought to kill *The Daily Texan's* 55-year-old editorial freedom. Those forces are: first, the advanced guard of a dying political dynasty, the Shivers administration; second, Texas' well heeled and powerful oil and gas interests, whose grip on the state has never been greater.

Six weeks ago our Board of Regents, all appointees of Governor Allan Shivers, announced their intention of pressing down on *Daily Texan* editorial policy.

The Texan had been a staunch opponent of the Shivers administration since June of last year. It had encouraged public criticism of the whole sequence of political scandals which had rocked the state. It had asked that Texas' oil and gas interests pay more taxes. It had advocated moderation in Texas' approach to racial integration. It had fought the Harris-Fulbright natural gas bill, one of the bare handful of Texas papers to do so. It had argued for higher academic standards.

The move of the Regents to suppress freedom of press was not wholly unexpected. In an executive session with student leaders just prior to their drafting of a censorship decree, several of the Regents told student leaders, including the student body president and the vice-president, that they had been highly disturbed by *Daily Texan* editorials on the Fulbright-Harris bill, that *Texan* editorials should not concern controversial state and national issues, and that the editor was a "mouthpiece," presumably for Texas liberals.

Describing suppression as a legal and not a philosophical issue, the Regents called attention to House Bill 140, the State's appropriations bill for the University. A rider on this bill, they pointed out, prohibits the use of state money "for influencing the outcome of any election, or the passage or defeat of any legislative measure." Under their interpretation, "editorial preoccupation with state and national political controversy" would also be prohibited. The applicability of this State law to *The Texan,* whose funds are derived solely from student fees and advertising, was to put it mildly, questionable.

The new policy was promptly tested by *The Daily Texan.* Two editorials attacking the Regents for their action and upholding the right of a college newspaper to discuss all controversial problems were submitted to the editorial director and the acting dean of the School of Journalism, delegated representatives of the administration on editorial copy. A guest editorial from *The New York Times* critical of the Harris-Fulbright bill was also submitted, along with several paragraphs from Thomas Jefferson written under the guise of a personal column. All were rejected. The editor in protest called an emergency session of the board of publications, composed of six students and five faculty members—three of the faculty being journalism professors. The students invoked their majority to approve the editorials for publication. They were printed in *The Daily Texan* of February 7, and the war was on.

In the weeks that followed, the Students' Association, representing the 16,000-member student body, rallied; its Student Assembly sanctioned a free student press resolution, 25-1. The Young Democrats as well as the Young Republicans, passed resolutions; the Texas Intercollegiate Students' Association, representing students at most of Texas' colleges and universities, went on record in favor of college press freedom. The Southwest Journalism Congress in Dallas, attended by 280 college journalists, upheld the right of campus newspapers to comment on any state or national issue.

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J. Frank Dobie, the famous folklorist who was fired from The University of Texas by a different set of Regents several years ago, stepped in and attacked the Regents in an open letter. As our editorial campaign continued, *The Texan* staff was prepared to stage a walk-out if any dismissals occurred.

A member of the Regents, oil and ranch millionaire Claude Voyles, told the *Austin American*:

> We feel *The Daily Texan* has gone out of bounds in discussing the Harris-Fulbright natural gas bill when 66 percent of Texas money comes from oil and gas.

The board of publications is now in the process of "reclarifying" *Daily Texan* editorial policy. Its report will be sent to the Regents for their meeting this month. The results of the study and its implications are not now known. What we do know is that the presence of a censor in our editorial and news offices each night is an affront to the dignity of college journalists.

In May, 1951, following its special study of 72 colleges and universities, *The New York Times* reported:

> A subtle creeping paralysis of freedom of thought and speech is attacking college campuses in many parts of the country, limiting both students and faculty in the area traditionally reserved for free exploration of knowledge and truths. These limitations on free inquiry take a variety of forms, but their net effect is a widening tendency toward passive acceptance of the status quo, conformity and a narrowing of the area of tolerance in which students, faculty, and administrators feel free to speak, act, and think independently . . .

As a consequence of this "subtle creeping paralysis," a University of Texas stereotype has evolved. Success is a matter of riches, the degree is everything, the job the payoff.

WILLIAM W. MORRIS
Editor, *The Daily Texan*

UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND

"Similar to Florida"

WE have had a situation similar to the one at Florida State University.

The newly organized Faculty Senate has replaced our old Publications Board, which had a student majority, by a Committee on Student Publications and Communications, composed of eight faculty members and two students.

The student members cannot receive remuneration for work on any student publication at the University. All of our top editors are salaried. Our faculty adviser is not on the committee either.

The Student Government Association protested the student-faculty ratio of the new committee in a letter to University President Elkins. The letter was referred to the Senate's Executive Committee, and then referred to the new Committee on Student Publications and Communications, which is the Committee being protested.

The Diamondback has had a liberal faculty adviser, from whom we have frequently sought advice, but our editorial policy has not as yet been interfered with by the faculty or administration.

The new committee is, however, just becoming organized, and one of the proposed by-laws under consideration would impose strict faculty supervision upon us.

ROGER KEITH
Editor, *The Diamondback*

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

"Perhaps I will be canned"

GENERALLY, the administration says that a college newspaper should not comment on things of national and state importance; they say the college newspaper is financed by the University and is thus "state property." Being such the paper should not enter into any controversy, they say. Moreover, many students believe the campus newspaper represents—or should represent—the opinions of the entire student body.

We think they are wrong on each count, and have said so in our columns. *The Red and Black* editors believe students are interested in state and national affairs as well as that which happens on the campus. We think it is not only our right, but our duty to comment on things which affect students immediately or as future citizens, regardless of the controversial nature. In Georgia, we especially feel this need because of our voting age of 18.

The Red and Black in 1953 had it out with the State Board of Regents and University officials regarding an editorial advocating the end of segregation. Roy Harris, a member of the Regents hit the ceiling. In the ensuing melee, the editors resigned.

A Board of Control was set up composed of administration members and selected students. This Board has the power of censorship. How many times this power has been exercised since the 1953 incident, I don't know. However, we have little by little been putting life back into the paper. We have not been suffering from much interference.

I have written on segregation (without directly saying I am against it, of course) and other controversial issues here in the South. There were no repercussions. However, this does not mean we do not have "sacred cows." One such person is Herman Talmadge, yet-to-announce candidate for the US Senate, former governor and president of the University Alumni Association.

Last quarter, the editors printed an editorial urging

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Senator George to run again for the office. The piece was pulled by the Board of Control. The editors protested, and the Board called a meeting to act on the protest. The editorial was printed finally.

Other than outright advocation of integration, I can think of no other taboo subject than Talmadge. We intend to test "Hummon" this quarter.

We plan editorially to urge students to join the "Young Georgians for George" movement and to register to vote. Once registered we believe they will vote for the Senator. We are bound to run into opposition; perhaps I will be canned, but I would rather have it that than edit a censored newspaper.

GORDON ROBERTS
Editor, *The Red and Black*

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

"A free rein"

THE administration of the University of Virginia imposes no restrictions whatsoever on our editorial policy or our reporting techniques. Even during the student-administration controversy of two years ago, which attracted national notice, the *Cavalier Daily* had free rein.

ROBERT B. EGGLESTON
Editor, *The Cavalier Daily*

OKLAHOMA A & M

"Not restricted in any form"

DURING my stint as editor I have had complete say as to what appears on the editorial page or any other part of *The Daily O'Collegian.*

We have a board of publications at Oklahoma A and M College composed of four faculty members and four students. Its primary reason for existence is to appoint editors for three campus publications.

There is a faculty advisor who works with the students in preparing these three publications. He advises but does not censor.

As for the college authorities, they do not interfere with what goes into the newspaper. We are free to criticize college officials, students and anyone else.

The editorial page is primarily dedicated to campus events. Very little, if any, interpretation is given to state or national happenings.

I would like to re-emphasize that we are not restricted in any form or manner. *The Daily O'Collegian* is completely free from censorship.

CHARLIE HOLLAR
Editor, *The Daily O'Collegian*

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

"Students will be the culprits"

THE DAILY TAR HEEL, fortunately enough, has complete freedom to express its own editorial views.

In several cases, administrative officers, under direct, sometimes immoderate attack from *The Daily Tar Heel,* have gone to bat for that freedom before threats from Trustees and students.

Recent happenings, indeed, have indicated that *if* this newspaper's freedom is ever to be tampered with, the students will be the culprits. *The Daily Tar Heel's* budget is provided in part by the Student Legislature, which appropriates student block fees. Last spring, when the budget came before the legislative finance committee for review, the editorial salary—a token salary—was sliced in half. Several student legislators have indicated since that time that they cut, or helped cut, our budget because of their disagreement with *The Daily Tar Heel's* views.

Our opinions on the segregation issue are, I think, in accord with a large cross-section of opinion among the students. But not so our opinions on the general issue of so-called "big-time athletics." When we called semi-professional athletics a "parasitic monster," a petition for our recall was circulated and gained the signatures of the constitutionally-required ten percent of the student body.

Fortunately, when the recall question came to a vote before the students, with a student politician opposing us for the editorship, we were vindicated by nearly 2 to 1.

The Daily Tar Heel is directed by a Student Publications Board; but the Student Constitution says that the Board shall concern itself only with the "quanitum and qualitum" of the newspaper, and it says explicitly that editorial opinion shall not be tampered with.

EDWIN M. YODER
Editor, *The Daily Tar Heel*

UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI

"I sense no clamping down"

THERE have been no recent developments on our campus comparable to those at Florida State University, and, to my knowledge, there have never been. No censorship has been exercised on *The Mississippian.* We are free to express our convictions on any subject.

A joint faculty-student publication committee assists the paper in financial matters and qualifications for elections. Since the paper is self-supporting, this committee exercises no control over the purse-strings. Their control, therefore, stops there and never affects our editorial policy.

WALLACE SHERWOOD
Editor, *The Mississippian*

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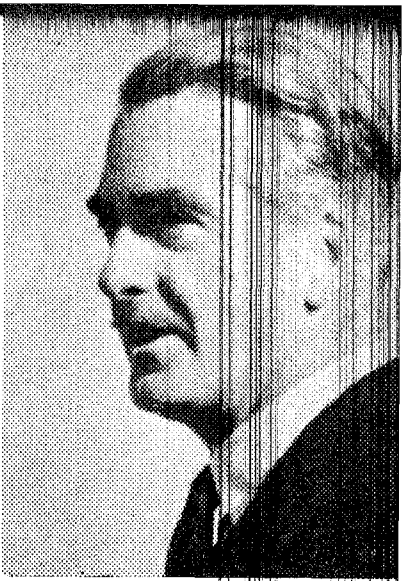
APRIL 2, 1956

Britain's Conservatives



Sir Anthony Eden is under brutal attack, inside his Party and in the press. If things get worse, it is conceivable that the present leaders will be replaced by a new team.

by HUGH MASSINGHAM

PRACTICALLY nothing has gone right since that triumphant day, hardly a year ago, when the Conservative Party was returned by a larger majority and to what was believed would be another lush term of prosperity and success. Sir Anthony Eden has had a consistent run of bad luck, though his critics would use a much harsher word for it. The press at times has been almost brutal. Mr. Randolph Churchill, Sir Winston's tempestuous son, returns to the attack week after week, though his influence should not be exaggerated; Mr. Churchill has never been one of the Party's favorites. What must alarm Sir Anthony far more is that even the most obsequious of the Tory newspapers should be complaining—and not so mildly, either. "Half the battle of modern statesmanship," wrote one of their commentators the other day, "is the ability to look ahead, to form wise assessments of coming events, and be prepared to make sound judgments and firm decisions."

The implication is that Sir Anthony is without these essential virtues and is therefore not the man to lead the Party and the country.

Even Mr. R. A. Butler has lost face in these last few months, and Mr. Butler was once the darling of the Party, the man who could do no wrong and who was listened to at Conservative conferences as if he had just got back from Sinai. Mr. Butler remains in the government, and his friends would still claim that he is the heir apparent—he will return, they whisper. Perhaps he will, but in the meantime it is Mr. Harold Macmillan, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, who wields the authority that used to belong to Mr. Butler. If he succeeds in checking inflation—and it is the government's inability to do this that first aroused criticism—he will increasingly dominate the government. Everything may then be granted to him. The price to be paid if he fails will be equally heavy. The present leadership of Eden, Butler and Macmillan might well disappear and comparatively new men might rule in their places.

The government's difficulties come at a time when the Party has lost Lord Woolton, perhaps the greatest organizer the Tories have ever had. Lord Woolton, who retired from the chairmanship a few months ago, will not go down in history as one of the deep thinkers of our age, but he was certainly more than just a business man of genius, applying the know-how of big stores to the world of politics. He was, in fact, a card. The solemn announcements, the grave gestures, even his silences all eloquently revealed some unexpected facet of his richly entertaining character. Ah, those Woolton performances—no small thing was taken from my life when he left the political scene. Even a Conservative Conference ceased to be a bore when Lord Woolton was on the platform, for although he usually spoke only on the last day, he maintained a constant mime throughout the proceedings. A delegate had only to make the mildest joke and Lord Woolton would give a gigantic sob of laughter and seem about to swoon away. He is a man who is always very sensitive to sin. One might have thought, after so many years, that Lord Woolton would have grown used to the endless malignity of Socialists—but, no, every fresh example appeared to strike him with the force of a revelation. The mere mention of Socialism and he would be instantly at attention. The noble head would rear upwards and the eyes would glance from left to right and back again: from which direction would the devil come?

BUT these antics, so inexhaustibly comic to the irreverent spectator, had a practical side. Conservative leaders are not exactly noted for their humanity: to the humble worker in the constituencies, they are like the palest stars—beautiful but inaccessible. Lord Woolton became almost a friend, for even those who had never touched that plump and affable hand affectionately knew him as Uncle Fred. His successor is an able and likeable man but, whatever his virtues, he cannot overnight transform himself into a father figure to whom the rank-and-file can turn in time of tribulation. Partly because of this but mainly because of the Government's mistakes, Conservatives in the constituencies have been feeling more and more puzzled, more and more frustrated, more and

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HUGH MASSINGHAM *is political correspondent for* The Observer, *a leading British Sunday newspaper.*

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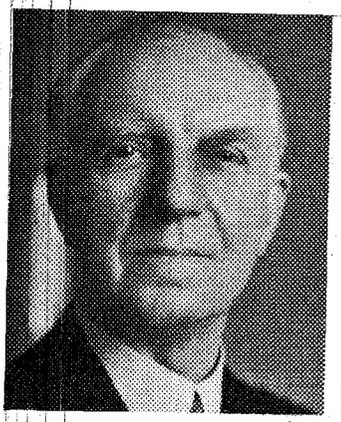

CHAIRMAN WOOLTON
"Sensitive to sin"

CONSERVATIVE BUTLER
"Still haunted"

more deserted. Many of them are not bothering to vote in the by-elections, and although the government has not yet lost a seat, its majority has, in place after place, slumped disastrously.

The trouble began in the spring of last year when Mr. Butler, the Chancellor at that date, introduced a budget which cut taxation by some £150 million. A month or so later the Conservatives won the General Election, and there was no doubt in anybody's mind that the concessions were largely responsible for the victory. Gratefully, the rank-and-file turned adoring spaniel eyes on Mr. Butler. He was the golden boy whose magic touch had brought prosperity to the country and success to the Party. In this moment of triumph it occurred to few members of the flock that it might be slightly undesirable to distribute largesse before an election—indeed, that it was all a little too clever by half. It did not occur to them for an interesting reason. By 1955, after being four years at the Treasury, Mr. Butler had established a reputation for integrity. He was the man who had not only thrown overboard all the useless cargo of controls and restrictions inherited from the Socialists. He was also the statesman who had swiftly returned to a system of private enterprise and had refused to pay any attention to the heckling of his enemies. The iron chancellor was what the newspapers used to call him.

Mr. Butler's own character helped to spread the myth that he was a kind of Conservative Cripps. Indeed his success up to a short time ago is all the more remarkable because he has none of the qualities that one expects to find in a Conservative leader. To begin with, he is not a business man. He has a donnish background and is interested in education and other distasteful subjects. He is not even a particularly warm person. Not for him the ready slap on the back, the easy joke, the invitation to another little drink. The Conservative rank-and-file accepted his lead, partly because he seemed to know what he was talking about but mainly because they did not really understand his policy. They took it on faith and hoped that, like most mysteries, it had a divine origin.

Had they taken a second look at it they might have become slightly uneasy. Mr. Butler is not an economist and even his admirers would not say that he has an imaginative mind. He therefore did what one would expect him to do: he accepted the advice of his officials at the Treasury. The views that they sold him can be very briefly described: they amounted to the old Liberal policy of free trade.

It was an astonishing conversion because Mr. Butler belongs to a Party that is traditionally Protectionist. But as the months went by, as the new policy paid higher and higher dividends, as the wheels of industry turned and employers and employees got more and more, often for doing less and less, Mr. Butler stretched out to even higher things. He made it known that his ultimate object was to get a convertible pound. With all this financial orthodoxy went a very shrewd political sense. Mr. Butler has always looked upon himself as a liberal, with a small "l," and he was therefore determined to do nothing that would offend enlightened opinion or bring him into conflict with the Trade Unions. He might reluctantly admit that the food subsidies were too large and would have to be reduced, but he consistently refused to do anything very dramatic. When he cut the subsidies he would give something back to soften the blow. It was almost as if his left hand pursued one policy, his right hand another.

THIS inconsistency was difficult to criticize because it appeared to be politically successful. The Labour Party might mutter and Mr. Gaitskell might score debating points, but no Socialist could very well become indignant. A curious and unreal truce descended upon the House and presently a wag thought up the word Butskellism to describe the situtation. "Mr. Butskell" was a baffling fellow. Sometimes he bobbed up on the Government benches and made a speech full of high ideals and liberal sentiments. Hardly had he sat down when he rose from the Opposition side and said the same thing all over again, though putting the emphasis in slightly different places. It nearly drove the blood-thirsty mad.

Chancellor Butler's progress was so triumphant that social hostesses, as social hostesses will the whole world over, enlivened many a sticky dinner party by suggesting that Mr. Butler, and not Sir Anthony Eden, should succeed Sir Winston Churchill. Sadly, one remembers the scene at successive Conservative conferences when Mr. Butler used to sit down to ecstatic applause. "Invest in success," he was telling us only 18 months ago. Times have now so changed that when a Conservative the other day tried to pay a tribute to Mr. Butler, Sir Robert Boothby, another Conservative, jumped up to say that anybody who had been mug enough to invest in Mr. Butler's success would by this time have lost 20 percent of his money through inflation.

The pay-off came shortly after the April budget of 1955. Hardly had the new Government assumed office,

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hardly were the soothing words out of Mr. Butler's mouth, when the inflationary crisis made nonsense of everything the Chancellor had said. By August the deficit in Britain's balance of payments could no longer be ignored—the black birds of ill-omen were flapping their way home. Mr. Butler, nurtured on years of easy success, seemed unable to read the times and made matters worse by bringing in an Autumn budget that was almost absurdly inadequate. The Socialists waded into him and suddenly it was observed that the drama had taken an unexpected turn. The iron chancellor obviously could not take it. When it was announced just before Christmas that Mr. Macmillan would replace him at the Treasury, the general verdict was that Mr. Butler had run away.

By this time the criticism of Mr. Butler had extended to Sir Anthony Eden. The whisper went the rounds that the Premier was weak and dilatory and feeble —charges that are very difficult to answer. In some ways Sir Anthony is a much better chairman of the Cabinet than his predecessor. Imagine a meeting of the Cabinet in Sir Winston's day, the solemn faces round the table in the drafty room at No. 10 Downing Street. Before any business could be transacted, the proceedings would sometimes be interrupted by a comical ritual. An attendant would arrive, bearing on his upturned finger tips a silver tray on which rested a bubbling glass of whisky and soda. This was not because the Premier needed a restorative. The whisky and soda was a kind of theatrical prop, a proof that, old though he might be, Sir Winston was still as virile as ever. Cynics observed that he seldom took more than a sip of his potent mixture.

The proceedings then began, and it would soon become clear that Sir Winston had not bothered to read his brief. An hour would have to be wasted while a Minister explained to him what it was all about. But Sir Winston, let us remember, is a man of genius. Once he had grasped the details, he would often intervene with a devastating and commonsense criticism that would force his colleagues to look at the problem again. Sir Anthony is much more like Attlee: he reads his briefs, he listens, he sums up and comes down on the side of the majority. He has, too, a secret sense that feels out the hidden dangers of a political situation.

But the truth in these matters sometimes matters less than the image people form of it. Conservative M.P.'s soon grew increasingly restive, and the anti-Eden newspapers blew this up into a plot to force the Premier out of office by the summer. Absurd as all this was, there remains a deep disquiet and uneasiness that Sir Anthony cannot afford to ignore. A few more mistakes, another defeat like the dismissal of Glubb Pasha, and the Premier's supporters will turn nasty.

This, then, was the atmosphere when Mr. Macmillan announced the ingredients of his anti-inflationary medicine. Naturally, there are differences of opinion as to the merit of the proposals: some think he has gone too far, others that he has not gone far enough. Some believe that he ought to have brought back restrictions on imports, some that he should have cut more drastically into the Welfare State—the arguments are endless. What no serious person would deny is that he has shown great courage. For months his rank-and-file have felt the need for leadership and immediately Mr. Macmillan gave it to them, they gratefully responded. The new atmosphere can perhaps be best described by his reception in the House. When he rose to make his statement on inflation, the Conservative back benchers could scarcely muster a cheer between them. When he sat down his supporters gave him one of the biggest ovations of his career.

Mr. Macmillan is a fascinating person to watch. He calls himself a Tory, not a Conservative, and although these terms do not always mean a great deal in practice, the distinction is still a real one. A Tory looks to Disraeli for his inspiration and argues that his Party originally stood for an alliance between the Crown and the common people against the plutocrats of the towns. Thus a modern Tory feels no ideological objection to a planned economy—rather the reverse. The state must not be allowed to grow oppressive but on the other hand there are times when it must be used to correct dangerous developments in society. Disraeli talked of the two nations — the rich and the poor — and Mr. Macmillan is still haunted by the unemployment and degradation of the thirties—there will be no repetition of that while he is Chancellor. There is even a sense in which Mr. Macmillan is in some ways nearer to his Socialist opponents than he is to the free trade views of Mr. Butler.

TORY MACMILLAN
"The Churchill tradition"

The two men are also temperamentally apart. Mr. Butler remains very much the don—studious, reserved, cautious. Mr. Macmillan is the opposite—ebullient, gay, delighted by any new idea. Mr. Butler seldom comes out with an original phrase. Mr. Macmillan is in the Churchill tradition. Above all Mr. Butler has shown that he does not like a rough house. Mr. Macmillan enjoys every moment of it. The two men are so different that it is not surprising they have been rivals for so many years. It will be still more surprising if Mr. Macmillan does not diverge more and more from the orthodox course followed so unswervingly by his predecessor.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

The Struggle to Undo an Endless Knot

by Victor Lange

THERE are many who insist that Robert Musil, together with Proust and Joyce, is one of the indubitable innovators of the twentieth century. He is, said *The Times Literary Supplement* in a celebrated review, "the most important novelist writing in German in this half century," and yet "one of the least known writers of the age." This is immense praise for a man who throughout his life suffered profound bitterness from the public neglect of his genuine if unpalatable talent. During his lifetime his reputation, like that of Kafka, was confined to a relatively small circle of fellow writers; his major novel, *The Man Without Qualities,* was slow to take form, and most of his other writings (three of four volumes of fiction, a distinctly untheatrical play, and a modest body of critical prose) seem essentially to lead up to the large work.

Young Toerless, by Robert Musil, translated from the German by Eithne Wilkins and Ernst Kaiser (Pantheon; $2.95).

Young Toerless appeared in 1906, when Musil was a young man of twenty-six, as yet undecided whether to follow an academic career in philosophy and psychology, or to become a writer. The book has now—fifty years after its first success—been beautifully translated into English by Eithne Wilkins and Ernst Kaiser, and anyone who takes the trouble to read it with the care it demands and deserves, will agree with the early critics who praised it as one of the most moving examples of modern fiction. Unlike Musil's later work, *Toerless* is concise, definite and poetical, and if *The Man Without Qualities* is his most ambitious achievement, this is surely his best.

The setting of *Toerless* is the military school at Maehrisch-Weisskirchen which Musil himself—like Rilke—attended: an institution so confining in its discipline that no invented scenery could have offered more telling symbols for what Musil wants to explore. *Toerless* is a story that deals essentially with the discovery of the profoundly disturbing conditions under which perception and moral judgment occur in a sensitive adolescent. This is a theme familiar enough in European literature at the turn of the century: Joyce's *Portrait* comes at once to mind; in Germany, Wedekind represents it again and again; in Hofmannsthal's *Letter of Lord Chandos* and Rilke's *Malte Laurids Brigge* it receives its most radical treatment.

WHAT is common to these tales is that in all of them, the individual seems able to assert his integrity only in shocking or eccentric forms of behavior, and that all efforts at self-justification are compelled to resort to extravagant means. In Musil's novel, two strands of plot are interwoven: the ruthless tyranny of two boys over another, and young Toerless' own feverish involvement in their cruel and sadistic exercise of justice. The minor offences of the boy Basini force him to yield to the inhuman and, for Toerless, at once repelling and fascinating executioners. The German title of the story—*Die Verwirrungen des Zoeglings Toerless*—points explicity to the paradoxical but central truth that perplexity is the very condition of insight in a world as obtuse and as averse to articulate intelligence as that of the military academy. The boy, Basini, does not by himself command our interest: he deserves to be the victim precisely because he is without strength of character. His fate is the fate of the weakling; nor do the two bullies claim our sympathetic attention: it is altogether Toerless upon whose evolving perception the story is focused. A painful determination begins to take shape in him, an intoxicating desire to get to the bottom not merely of what really goes on between the three others, but of that fantastic web of psychological motivation that seems to hold together a feverish dream-world. Musil illuminates the incredible but insistent reality of Toerless' observations and shows him to be in maniacal pursuit of the evidence, the reasons for this or that action in his comrades.

Toerless is one of the earliest books in which the plot, the external action, is carefully manipulated to demonstrate more effectively the nature or the structure of an inner experience. But it would be insufficient to read the story as though it were merely an account, however revealing, of a state of mind or of a psychological crisis. It is rather an account of the emergence of an idea or of the unfolding of its possible qualities and energies. If we read the book with an eye on its poetic details, we recognize that the complexity of what is described does not so much reflect the complexity of a character as the intricacies of possible views of experience. What Toerless observes outside and inside himself borders on the improbable. But if we shift our attention from the character to the issue, we find ourselves increasingly convinced of the probability of the problem itself.

The issue is, in one sense, a classical one: it is the interplay of good and evil, of integrity and wickedness, in the emerging perception of judgment and value. Yet, as Musil tells the story he demonstrates a host of related propositions. He shows us the abyss of cruelty and vulgarity into which the innocent is drawn before he can understand; he makes us feel the uneasiness of spirit creep over Toerless in a series of sensations that turn into image in his memory; and he demonstrates, above all, the frightening relationship between the moral sense and the consuming instincts of power. It is this latter theme which suggested to Musil, as he looked back upon it from the vantage point of his exile from fascism, that the sadistic characters in whom righteousness and bestiality coincides, were warnings of the horrors of the days to come.

THERE are, then, at least two reasons why this novel deserves to be taken seriously: one is its relevance within the fiction of crisis, the other is the clairvoyance with which Musil seems here to have foreseen the exercise of power for its own sake, as a state almost of delirious and amoral freedom in a world depleted of coherent meaning. But there is a third quality in the book which, we

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:now, mattered most to Musil and ·hich gives meaning and stature to the ›ook even beyond its historical or topi- al appeal: it is superbly told. And as a ›iece of poetic symbolism it represents . landmark in European fiction. Musil ·as fond of noting in his diary that he ıad never again after *Toerless* per- ormed with such economy of statement ınd that he had never again so easily ucceeded in subordinating himself, his ıarrator's feelings and intelligence, to he presence of facts and events. Alfred Kerr, one of the first to write, in 1906, with genuine understanding of *Toerless* ›leased Musil especially by saying that he story was without "softness":

> There is nothing lyrical about it. Musil is a writer who looks into the facts and as he represents them accurately he comes close to that measure of "lyricism" that might be in the things themselves. He is free of all sentimentality. Facts are rendered. The mood is not painted on but is reflected by what is rendered.

This was to Musil highest praise; it recognized the "taciturn manner" in which—as artist—he wanted to operate and in which he would even relate the most torrential and the most intense discourse among the characters of the story. He was after the "passionate energy of thought" itself.

Young Toerless is remarkably modern bove all in the wealth, color and preci- ›ion of its symbolic devices. As Toerless ›s drawn ever deeper into a maze of per- ıplexity, the world around him loses in ɒlausibility and becomes unreal. We are ɔften reminded of the distorted space of he expressionist movies with its perspec- ıves askew and its hectic and extravagant contrasts, and we can feel the influence ɔf Dostoevsky in such settings as the op- ›ressive attic in which much of the action takes place. The book opens in an atmosphere of monotony and sterility. We watch Toerless move from a slight and almost dandyish interest in his surroundings to increasing disquiet, to shock, disgust and a paralyzing sense of vacuity.

But as his perception becomes more alive, objects and figures about him lose their coherence: he sees them at first as they see themselves; gradually they turn to figures in a dream. His sense of language sharpens in exact proportion to his awareness of the futility of speech: he grows inarticulate as he gropes for the shape of reality:

> The words did not say it; for it is not nearly so bad as the words make it seem; it is something mute—a choking in the throat, a scarcely perceptible thought, and only if one insisted on getting it to the point of words would it come out like that. And then it has ceased to be anything but faintly reminiscent of whatever it was, as under huge magnification, when one not only sees everything more distinctly but also see things that are not there at all. . . .

But in the face of this double-edged argument of emptiness and monstrosity, Toerless insists on getting to the point. The spectacle of Basini's submission to terror is only the beginning of a chain of puzzlement; Toerless is assailed by a sort of madness. The two fellow students for whom he feels loathing and awe tempt him into accepting their own philosophy: as executioners of the most sadistic kind, by an extreme exercise of terror, they seek to master and destroy Basini's soul. This fantastic scene of hypnosis and violence is at the same time the moment of Toerless' supreme revulsion and emancipation; he is no longer concerned either with the petty coward Basini or the fiendish mysticism of the other two. He has been made to see the immeasurable range and depth of the human spirit.

Toerless is a work of extraordinary power and beauty, and if it is formally a more satisfying work than Musil's later novel, it strikes nevertheless some of the themes that recur in the much thinner air of *The Man Without Qualities*. The modern writer pursues not many but one single theme and Musil is not alone in offering throughout his career variations on a vision of truth that never released him. Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist* and Mann's *Death in Venice* stand, so it seems to me, in a similar relationship to their larger works, to *Ulysses* and *Dr. Faustus*, as that which exists between *Toerless* and *The Man Without Qualities*. They are not preliminary exercises but concentrated poetic statements of an experience of ambiguity that was later to be elaborated more and more abstractly.

> As often as Toerless had put his mind to rest about any one idea, there would again be that incomprehensible objection: It's all a lie. It was as if he must work out an unending sum in long division with a recurring decimal in it, or as if he were skinning his fingers in the frantic struggle to undo an endless knot. . . .

this is the sense of ceaseless intellectual urgency that haunted Musil himself to the end.

A Handful of Dust

by Anthony Arau

Anthony Powell's novels taken together form an attempted ironic dissection of English social life since the First World War, and have won him an enthusiastic following among certain devotees of delicate wit and fine writing. A latter-day, more slender Trollope, Powell is nervously concerned with the decay of Britain's once-solid upper-middleclass, in whose decline he discovers the cause of much of Britain's current illness. With *The Acceptance World* he pursues life's futility among a menagerie of decidedly down-on-their uppers young Britons during the early years of the Great Depression. The world to which the title refers is the financial district of London during the thirties, where banking houses made capital loans to distressed businesses on the basis of theoretically deliverable goods. Via analogy, Powell indicates that the characters in his novel live in a spiritually depleted "acceptance world" of their own. That is, they draw upon one another for varying amounts of intellectual, emotional, spiritual, and, most frequently, carnal capital, against the day when the world will be set aright. The catch, of course, is that the goods often are not delivered, the world is not set aright. On such a slender thread is hung the entire burden

The Acceptance World, by Anthony Powell (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy; $3.50).

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of an otherwise rather formless plot.

What strikes the reader most forcefully is that the characters in *The Acceptance World* are artists, or writers, or whatever, by virtue of convention only. They are properly introduced and so labelled, but their avocations are related only incidentally to their personalities and destinies as Powell reveals them. What they have to say about art and writing, or anything, which is little enough, is rarely very funny or particularly interesting and but casually connected with the development of the whole. It is almost as if Powell had chosen his character's professions simply with a view to giving a certain "tone" to his efforts. Although we can identify readily enough the Communist critic, J. G. Quiggin, through his conventionally bad manners and properly sinister black leather overcoat, for the others, they might as well have been drug store clerks or dime store heiresses for all the difference it would make.

Powell's method seems to be that of humorous understatement, a ticklishly difficult genre even in much more competent hands. As a result, it is often hard to determine just how much of *The Acceptance World's* pervading banality is intended and how much can more meaningfully be traced to a lack of depth perception on the author's part. In any event, it is mostly so much old hat. Powell has understated so thoroughly that only vestigial remnants of genuine wit remain; and of plot, character, and thought hardly the rudiments survive. What was intended as a subtle comedy of manners has become instead a mere pastiche of mannerisms.

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A Fresh View of History

by P. K. Whalen

OH LORD, I thought, not only do we have to be afflicted with another "historical" novel, *i.e.*, a spirit-paralyzing series of impossibly dull sexual excursions set against a hastily thrown up backdrop of historical incident, but this time with an Irish accent yet. Well, thought I, here we go for the usual nine-hundred-page romp in the hay. And then suddenly (from the first paragraph, in fact) Mrs. Davis, with her quiet, compelling skill, catches the reader by the unforced lilt of the Irish brogue and the promise that this is to be another masterful job.

Men of No Property, by Dorothy Salisbury Davis (Scribners; $3.95).

This is the story of the men of no property—Wolfe Tone's "numerous and respectable class of the community"—who fled Ireland during the Potato famine of 1847 and thronged to America full of dreams and courage and hope. And there were some whose dreams were shattered by the grim realities of life here, whose hopes were dashed in finding the same poverty and political corruption they had run from; there were others who became the very thing they feared and hated, the easy prey of political tyrants; and still others who fought through the chaos of the new world and grew in wisdom and strength. *Men of No Property* is the story of all of these people; it portrays the growth of New York City and the part the Irish played in that growth.

Here Mrs. Davis has given us the Irish role, neither glossed with pity nor falsified by pride, through the lives of five of the passengers of the ship *Valiant* —their private lives intertwined with the public events of a turbulent era. Five people: Dennis Lavery, full of bluster and bravado, a perfect foil for the political bosses, whose life becomes a sickening series of compromises for the party; Norah, his wife, a quiet, loving, simple girl, who watches helplessly the changes in her man and who must finally push away all that she has believed to help him in his final, humiliating defeat and need; Vinnie Dunne, a tough, undersized urchin who grows from association with street arabs to association with Newport society and remains throughout all of the changes generous and wise and whole—gifts of his gentle protector, Jeremiah Finn; Stephen Farrell, lawyer and journalist, who came to America filled with hope and an overpowering idealism only to spend his life in a misguided effort to quell his passions by deliberate, almost callous, negation; and finally Margaret Hickey, gallus Meg, wrongheaded, vibrant, who, more than any of the others, holds us rapt—for she, through an incredible series of triumphs and reverses, retains the power to love and to be loved.

In early February a reviewer remarked in his piece on *The Last Hurrah* by Edwin O'Connor that it was the first successful Irish American novel to come out of a century of trying. I hesitate to say that *Men of No Property* is also a first in this sense of the term, but I can say, without hesitation, that here is a first rate story, a fresh view of history, a portrait of a people, told with rare insight and perceptivity.

Notes on Contributors

VICTOR LANGE is a professor of German literature and language at Cornell University. ANTHONY ARAU is a free-lance writer. P. K. WHALEN is on the staff of the University of Colorado. BRUCE BLIVEN is in California doing research on a new book. F. N. KARMATZ was formerly an editor of *The Chicago Review*.

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The Proprieties of Propaganda

by Bruce Bliven

THE most important thing for the United States is, of course, that we shall continue to be strong, at home nd abroad. Our strength abroad de-ends mostly on what we do, but also, o some extent, on what we say to the

acts to a Candid World, by Oren Stephens (Stanford; $3.50).

vorld about it. In view of this fact it s somewhat surprising that so little at-ention is paid to the work of the United tates Information Agency, formerly a ection of the Department of State and ow an independent bureau, which has his job in hand. Congress absent-nindedly gives the agency money to run n, averaging at present around $75 or 80-million a year. Senator McCarthy id one of his characteristic witch-hunts mong its personnel. Occasionally some-ody applauds or complains of some articularly good or bad effort by the adio service, the Voice of America; nd the rest is silence.

This gap Mr. Stephens, who has had number of positions in psychological varfare or government propaganda ac-ivities during and since World War II, as undertaken to fill. In the long run, e thinks, public opinion is all power-ul: "As it is ultimately decisive within state or empire, so is it ultimately de-isive in the international area." (Dic-ators come to power only when the eople are confused and divided.) He rgues that public opinion should be aken into account in determining na-ional policy, as well as in its enuncia-ion and execution. Good propaganda hould be purposeful, dignified, straight-orward, factual, credible, meaningful. t should also be aimed at a specific audi-nce in a specific area, should be positive n tone, and should endeavor to lead to ction.

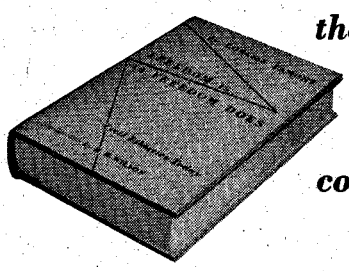
This description is, of course, pretty bvious, and so is Mr. Stephens' descrip-ion of a good propagandist, that he hould be a dedicated person, should now the United States, understand peo-le and politics, and be a master of the echnical tools of his trade. The author ees six common misconceptions about ur propaganda at the present time: that the loudest voice is the most effective, that we should concentrate on answering Communist propaganda, or on the evils of Communism, that we should boast about our high standard of living, that the techniques of our domestic advertising can be taken over intact, and that we are sure to succeed if we just step up our volume sufficiently.

There is, of course, all the difference in the world between Mr. Stephens' ideal portrait and what happens in Washington. American foreign policy is confused, often contradictory, made at various times and sometimes simultaneously by military, diplomatic and executive groups whose liaison is often extremely poor. Actions are taken with, it seems obvious, no advance consideration of their effect upon world public opinion.

Experts in public opinion are rarely or never, so far as anyone knows, called in when policies are being planned. In fact, the official explainers of policy to the world practically never know what is going on until after it is done.

Some of this is perhaps inevitable in the working of a democracy; only the dictatorships can put on a really virtuoso performance in this area. Much more of it, however, is a needless erosion of world goodwill because so many of our top policymakers have never been trained to recognize the importance of what the authors of the Declaration of Independence called "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind."

Ignoring these broader questions, Mr. Stephens makes many sensible observations. I should have preferred a book that drew more heavily on his own wide experience as a bureaucrat, and one not so completely in the realm of pure theory. But no reviewer should scold an author for not having written some other book, and within his self-imposed limitations, this one is clear, persuasive and sound.



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TELEVISION

The Scramble for the British Audience

WHEN, last year, the British government granted a charter for the development of commercial television, an organization was formed called the Independent Television Authority. By importing kinescoped US shows, playing up gimmick and giveaway shows, the ITA in its first half year had taken away half of the staid BBC's viewers in the London area.

But if this sounds like BBC has lost its touch, this is not quite the case. A topical breakdown of BBC's programs shows that 20 percent of all viewing time is spent on children's programs; 14 percent each for educational and dramatic shows, light entertainment, and documentary films; and the remaining 24 percent for general films, opera, music and religious programs.

Children's programs, without a doubt, are on a much higher level than those in the US. Besides the usual run of puppet shows and parlor games, there are arts and crafts films, and ballets designed solely for youngsters. In addition, BBC has recently added a show called *Watch for Mother*—a program for deaf and dumb children.

Documentaries, although more time is devoted to them by the British, are of the same sort as those seen in the US, covering travelogues, cooking and gardening. At least one group from this series is outstanding—a show that deals with young adults and their problems, much like ABC's Paul Coates' *Confidential File* in which he interviews people and graphically demonstrates prevalent social problems.

One hundred and twenty full length plays are presented by BBC each year, a few current London plays (by special arrangement), and a good many classics and adapted novels, as good as anything done by our networks.

Outdoor TV is limited mostly to sports—from darts to mountain climbing —and of course including such special events as Coronations. Newsreels are shown at a rate of 60,000 feet a month, which seems to indicate Britons are more news conscious than we. A number of films are also exchanged with nearby European countries.

To prove that BBC is not altogether unconscious of its audience, the major portion of its planned programs is allotted to light entertainment—300 live shows a year—mostly talent (quizzes and musical comedies) and variety shows, not too different from Arthur Godfrey and Ed Sullivan.

THE ITA, on the other hand, is more determinedly middle-brow. As one Britisher put it: "Entertainment for the worker no matter what kind of work he does." Among the most popular shows are the familiar *I Love Lucy, Dragnet, Roy Rogers* and *People Are Funny* or a close approximation thereof. The one force that keeps ITA above the intellectual level of US commercial TV is the censorship board. Although polls showed that *People Are Funny* was not objectionable to the British public, the censors' first act was to state that polishing furniture with toothpaste and propositioning people on the street was not riotiously funny. ITA is able to circumvent the censors very neatly, however, by carrying unfranchised shows picked up from nearby Luxembourg which cannot be controlled by the BBC censorship office.

But ITA, for all its dodges and its success in grabbing off BBC's audience, still has some tough problems to face. Even with a government loan of $66 million and a subsidy equal to a million dollars per year, ITA is discovering that this sum is likely to be a drop in the bucket in starting a network of TV centers around the Kingdom. In the first few months of ITA's being, the experiment looked like a tremendous success, with British firms all competing for advertising space. But after three months enthusiasm waned and ITA's income fell drastically by the end of the 1955 Christmas season, to the point where weekday programs could not cover production and maintenance costs.

Furthermore, the British advertiser hasn't the advantage of being able to sponsor a program to his liking. TV advertising is run on the same basis as periodical advertising: you pay only for the space you buy. Ads are limited to spots. An advertiser may pay to have his product displayed before the camera on a certain day a specified number of times but he cannot choose the time or the program. When ITA first began its telecasts, it wasn't unusual to find an ad for cat food popping up in the middle of a dog show or to have a cigarette ad come on during a panel show discussing lung cancer. Substantial advertisers like Remington, Kellogg and Goodyear are nevertheless willing to weather ITA's technical imperfections to cash in on the good will they are creating, and on the audience if ITA proves successful. In its first year, ITA expects to bring in at least $14 million in revenue.

The main pitfall for ITA at the moment is weekday advertising; since most of the popular shows like *Amos and Andy* and *Burns and Allen* are saved for the larger weekend audience (and to outdo BBC), the advertiser wait for the weekend draw. An income of $60,000 is needed daily to break even. Spot ads cost between $550 and $1,000 per minute (as compared to an average of $1,000 per minute by a US advertiser on a non-network hookup reaching several times the present potential audience that ITA can reach), varying with audience peaks. On an eight hour telecasting day, then, ITA needs four two-minute ads per hour in order to break even. The average number of ads is still far below a profitable level.

AT present there are 5.5 million TV sets throughout the United Kingdom, about half the number of sets, in proportion to population, as in the US. The Britisher pays more for his set than the American, and also receives a finer picture on his screen. And since a second channel has been made available to him he can convert his BBC set to a two-channel set for $28. Conversion in the Greater London area is now going on at a rate of 4000 sets a day, and by the end of this month there should be over a million sets able to get both BBC and ITA.

So before long, most Britishers can take their choice: ads or no ads. The reaction of British audiences to advertising, so far, has been favorable. The cultural collapse of the United Kingdom that was predicted by the conservative *Times* does not seem to have occurred, and it is even conceivable that the stiff competition which has begun may raise the cultural level of both TV outlets.

F. N. KARMAT

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A Communication

(Continued from p. 3)

quotes enclose a three stanza speech and the rest of the poem is a speech by another person. Even so, stanza one, truncated and edited by Graves, makes sense. I have tried this poem on American sophomores and they had no difficulty discovering that a child is speaking from the womb and is answered by its mother.

What is the meaning of Graves' remark that Thomas kept "musical control of the reader without troubling about the sense"? If Thomas did that, he is the first poet in history to get away with it and he should be honored as a great literary pioneer. But Thomas did nothing so grandiose. No poet every stuck to his subject with the fanaticism of Thomas. The "idolatry" of Thomas was largely the hypnotic horror of people who watched this Welsh shaman dance himself to death. That there was a mystic participation in his suicide I have no doubt, for the life and the poems became inseparable. Everyone was invited to drink the dregs of love through Thomas' poetry. I fail to see anything symbolic or of high cultural significance in this *dance macabre* to which Americans contributed so much hospitality. If Robert Graves does not understand the poems he will certainly not be able to understand their effect on American audiences (made up largely of youthful college students). And that Thomas' appeal is to that element in human nature which makes heroes of flagpole sitters and saints of men who stare at the sun until they go blind, does not make Thomas a poor poet.

GRAVES puts Yeats first among the idols. (His understatements about him would do credit to an Arkansas comedian). Yeats is a tough character to tackle. He is a stage Irishman and an intellectual charlatan, but he is a master among masters when he writes a poem. "Instead of the Muse, he employed a ventriloquist's dummy called Crazy Jane." This witticism at bottom is so insanely jealous that one doesn't know what to say except "Pass the wine." Yeats is another of the great modern experiments in which he himself is what is in the test tube. What comes out is a sort of home brew so good that it is put only on menus that do not list prices.

The difference between Auden and Laura Riding (who influenced him) may be the difference between good and bad poetry. But let us not linger on this point. Auden seems to be fair game for English-speaking Europeans. A liking for Tennyson can be a capital offense in modern Europe although an American can get away with this secret vice. That was *one* good reason for Auden becoming an American. Mr. Graves says that Auden's "real talent . . . is for light verse." To bullying statements of this kind one can only reply that Graves can't recognize genius when he sees it, and would have made the same comment about Chaucer, Dryden or Wordsworth.

AMERICAN and Hindu (but not Majorcan) readers have long since recognized the fact that Ezra Pound hates Jews and democracy and once printed a Chinese character upsidedown. I do not put these three mistakes in the same category, as I happen to be a Jew and a democrat—and am revolted by Ezra. My revulsion, unfortunately, does not make him a bad poet. The author of the *Cantos* still has an unsurpassed ear for modern English, undamaged by the queer light in his eye and his crude cultural opportunism. Pound is another of those scientific experiments of our time in which the poet himself is the fatal subject. Pound works on the theory of the want of the horseshoe nail: without the horseshoe nail of poetry the kingdom of culture was lost. It *is* sad and it *is* mad but it makes interesting reading, even for a reader like me who must burn with the userers in Cantos whatever-they-are.

Eliot is one of the truly impressive spirits of the 20th Century. Indeed, he is one of those rare men, like Schweitzer, whose spirit may be greater than his works. Is Graves so dead to the achievements of the 20th Century that he cannot begrudge a word of admiration for Eliot? Perhaps, but it is loathsome of him to sneer at one poet for not being besides him in the trenches and to sneer at another for serving on committees. Eliot is an example even to writers who have no truck with him. He has been intelligent enough to see both the importance and the unimportance of poetry. That is, he has not tried to make poetry the alpha and omega of his life (as Thomas did) or of everyone else's life (as Pound did). Through trial and error he found a rationale for the literary life in our century (it included committees and tea parties as well as line-regiments). Almost single-handed he raised English literary criticism to the highest point in its history. He did not, as Graves insinuates, persist in the medievalism of Pound. If his own poetry departed into the stratosphere, he was still earthbound enough to publish a host of British poets who might never have seen print without him. For the Possum, at least, let us reserve a little plain Graeco-Judaic-Christian charity.

One reason why modern poetry has succeeded as well as it has is that modern prose has so often been thoughtful enough and well-written enough to convince reluctant readers of the merits of its gods. Modern poetry is weakened almost to collapse without the foundation of its poetics. Ours is an age of poetics. If some of the criticism has been little more than special pleading, a part of it has tried to face problems of the deepest concern to poetry. It is too bad that modern poetry has feet of prose, but it is up to Robert Graves and anyone else who assails the altars to provide either better poetry or better criticism than the idols he attacks.

KARL SHAPIRO

Karl Shapiro, for several years the editor of *Poetry* magazine, is the author of several books of verse and criticism.

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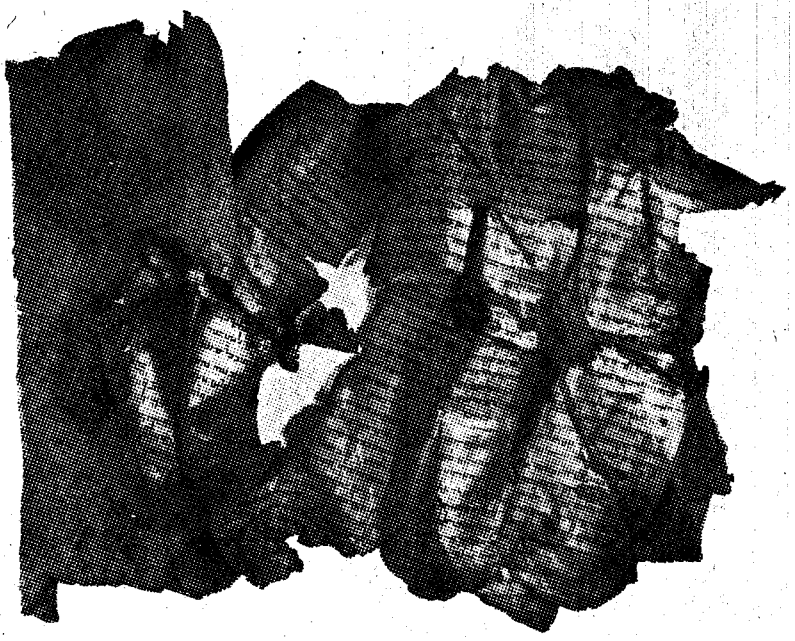
Next Week . . . a special issue



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